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citizens we individually may to improve the present disturbed and perilous conditions, in addition to coöperating with others to that end, we are privileged to contribute whatever of professional skill and enthusiasm we possess to the solution of the problems of our day and generation. In our daily work we may help dispel ignorance, eradicate prejudice, subdue passion, create sympathy, diffuse knowledge, establish ideals. We shall thus help create conditions that make human progress, not possible, but inevitable. We can each adopt the honorable motto of an old Scotch publishing house, "*Lucem libris disseminamus*"—"We scatter light by books."

As citizens and as librarians, and also as an organization, we are today confronted with new needs and new responsibilities. Wider service in our libraries, coöperative policies that reach into new fields, a nation-wide appeal for a broadened basis of public support—these and other important matters are before us for consideration at this Conference. These

things are part of our professional answer to the challenge of the present days. If in our other library labors we manifest the same desire, if our work is directed by intelligence and permeated by an ever-present realization that by doing it well we are contributing our personal and professional quota to the solution of the problems of our time, then we can all feel satisfaction in knowing that, so far as libraries and the library movement and librarians are concerned, they, and we, are definitely and constructively relating ourselves to urgent and insistent present needs. Whichever side of the international boundary our lot in life is cast, we shall thus prove ourselves true sons and daughters of democracy, accepting its grave responsibilities as well as its cherished rights and high privileges. Thus shall we justify our faith in ourselves, in the institutions we have created. Thus shall we be worthy of the traditions we have inherited, and pass on to our successors an enlarged liberty, a finer faith, a nobler patriotism.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF COLORADO

BY MRS. CLARICE E. (JARVIS) RICHARDS

Is there anything more difficult to explain than "charm," that fleeting evanescent quality which attracts and holds with gossamer strands the ever wandering attention?

What is the charm of the West? To understand is to know, and before it is possible to pass judgment on a locality or an individual, it is necessary to know something of their history.

In the eyes of his sister divisions or sections of the country the West has always been considered a rather boisterous youngster, a wild and obstreperous person—at any moment liable to upset the peace of the family by some unconventional outbreak, which they hopefully prayed might be overlooked and excused by the world at large on account of his youth. His youth! What deluded persons we are

when we attempt to judge by appearance in place of facts—the West is the incarnation of youth and energy—but when we realize that the Spaniards had penetrated into the interior of this western country more than forty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon the American soil, and that the beautiful church and governor's palace of Santa Fe, New Mexico, had been standing for several years before the first rude log cabins had been built by the Plymouth Colony (1620), the West can scarcely be called young.

While these facts are interesting, they may leave the hearers untouched—the eye perhaps tires of the great spaces, the towering mountains and brilliant coloring—but when we become conscious of the mystery of the West, the imagination is

awakened and we are caught in the delicate web of its romance.

It has been said that a century ago Scotland was to England proverbially the land of the uninteresting, the kingdom of dullness and prose, yet after Scott had gathered the tangled, distorted fragments of tradition and transformed them by his genius into gems of romance, Scotland became a new world, famous for the charm of its history and dear to all lovers of legendary lore.

Is it not after all the glamour with which tradition and romance have invested the old churches, castles and favored haunts in Europe which year after year draws the adventurous traveler across the sea? Charged with a lack of interest in his own country, he will defend his position by the plea that America is too young to claim a legendary era—that her history is new and garish, unsoftened by romance, and unadorned by myth and fable.

Yet to ears that will hear, there comes a far off echo, and if we attend its haunting melody, the reverberation grows more distinct as we follow it backward through the years, feeling our way wonderingly and stopping to ask ourselves at last, if before Europe existed, America was born?

It is not the desire to prove facts which have puzzled the most learned of scientists and historians that has led to a search through many old records, but the desire to gather together a few of the legends of our own Western land, that we may see if after all, we do not possess a historical background, far more interesting, far more fascinating in its mystery-shrouded beginning than that of the, so-called, older civilizations of Europe.

Legend and history, fact and fancy are so closely interwoven, it is impossible to say where the brilliant thread of imagination has ended and the golden strand of truth begun. It is only possible to hold before your eyes the exquisite fabric on which many have labored, hoping that we may come to value it as a precious heritage, as the cloth of gold of the West.

It was only a myth, a legend, with faint

basis of fact, which formed the beginning of the great interior exploration of these western states, and led Coronado and his gallant followers many weary miles across the burning desert into Colorado.

As Lummis has said, "Probably a hundred Americans know of the El Dorado of South America to every one who ever heard of the Quivera, and yet that strange ashen ruin in our own land was the cause of the most remarkable hegira in American history, and perhaps in all history, for such a gilded myth never hung so long before in one unshifting spot."

The history of this expedition, this veritable search for the Golden Fleece, is so filled with strange and romantic episodes, accompanied by deeds of superhuman courage and endurance, that it is one of the most thrilling and yet one of the least familiar chapters of all history.

To quote Lummis once more:

"The birth and development of this most romantic and historically most important of North American myths, is so curious, and in one way so complicated, that one scarce knows from which end to approach it—whether from the terminus of cause or that of effect. The Quivera Myth was born in New Mexico in 1540 of poor and none too honest parents. Its father was an Indian captive, its mother that drab—Opportunity. Whether this captive plains Indian was the sole progenitor of his disastrous offspring cannot be positively known," for its true origin must always be shrouded in obscurity.

But we are listening with ears attuned to the faintest echo and with a thrill of something akin to awe we hear in an old Sanskrit poem, the Mahabharata, the name of "Kuvera, the God of Wealth."

This great Indian Epic, written in 400 B. C., is the account of a great war between rival cousins.

Arjuna, the warrior prince, was to vindicate his brother's title and to fight for the deliverance of his nation against a usurper who was oppressing the land. In preparation he makes a pilgrimage into the Himalayas to receive some invincible

weapons from the gods—where occurs the following incident:

"Then Arjuna joined them in Indra's chariot and led them to the top of a high mountain, whence they beheld the glittering palace of Kuvera, the God of Wealth, adorned with golden and crystal palaces, surrounded on all sides by golden walls having the splendor of all gems."

Recited by successive generations is it possible that the golden legend of the *Quivera*, on the lips of an untutored savage on the American continent, could have the slightest connection with the God *Kuvera* of Hindu mythology?

Back, back, through the centuries this faint clue leads until the search ends with certain alleged records of an Israelitish prophet, Lehi, covering the period from 600 B. C. to 420 A. D.

The Scriptures of the Latter-Day-Saints, the Book of Mormon profess to be the modern translation of these records. The original account is said to have been inscribed on thin sheets of gold in small characters of the reformed Egyptian style.

Dr. James E. Talmage, one of the Council of Twelve, says concerning them: "In September, 1827, these plates were taken from their repository on the side of a hill near Palmyra, New York, and in 1830 the English translation was made."

According to the book, Lehi was directed by revelation to take his family and leave Jerusalem in time to escape the destruction or captivity incident to Nebuchadnezzar's conquest. The family of Lehi was joined by other families, and in time the travelers reached the Arabian Sea. There they built a ship and after many days of sailing, were carried by wind and current to the American shore.

The colonists multiplied and prospered, but after a few years open disruption occurred and the people were divided into two factions, one led by Nephi, a righteous man, and younger son Lehi, and the other by an older son, Laman, who was rebellious and disobedient.

The Nephites were industrious and progressive, cultivating the soil and build-

ing great cities in South, Central and North America. The Lamanites maintained a bitter hatred toward their brethren, and the accounts of the conflicts between these two factions form a great part of the Book of Mormon.

Because of their wickedness and disobedience, as the text runs, "the Lord caused the cursing to come upon them, yea, even a sore cursing, because of their iniquity. Wherefore, as they were white and exceedingly fair and delightful . . . the Lord did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them."

"And because of the cursing which was upon them, they did become an idle people, full of mischief and subtlety, and did seek in the wilderness for beasts of prey."

So the claim is set forth that the degraded posterity of the ancient Lamanites are the American Indians of today.

If that be so, may there not have been basis for the supposition that the legend of the *Quivera* was a reincarnation of a myth which might have existed centuries before in India?

Be that as it may, one indisputable fact remains, that while Coronado did not find the golden *Quivera*, he did find the traces of a people so ancient no history has recorded their beginning, and their ultimate destiny is covered by the veil of years.

Whether descendants of the Lamanites, Aztecs or Toltecs, it is from the Indians that most of our legends have come. Uncouth and strange as they seem, these fables and myths possess much of sentiment, much of beauty and a certain crude theology, of which it is possible to find traces in the more highly developed systems of religious thought today.

Exactly after the manner of the birth of the Greek, Roman, and Oriental myths, these Indian myths were born, and in the same manner handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another. So sacred were these early legends considered, they were intrusted to a selected member of the tribe, whose sole responsibility was the imparting of this traditional lore to

the Indian youths, as a fundamental and essential part of their education.

Lummis makes a very striking observation in regard to the Indian which the average person fails to take into consideration in attempting to explain the complexity of the character of the Red Man: "As a human being he is unique in the whole world. He is the one racial man who enjoys two religions, irreconcilable yet reconciled; two currencies, millenniums apart in the world's ripening; two sets of tools, as far asunder as the stone age from the locomotive; two sets of laws, one coeval with Confucius and the other with the Supreme Court; two languages that preceded us, and two names, whereof the one we hear was ratified by the sacrament of Christian baptism, while the other, whereby he goes among his own, was sealed upon his infant lips with the spittle of a swart God-father at a pagan feast.

"Before history was, this peculiar people had solved the problem of government in their own peculiar way and there were hundreds of American republics ahead of Columbus."

Let us never forget that the Indian does nothing simply for pleasure; his hunts, his dances, his races, his very smoking, have a deep inner significance.

The forces of the universe, the processes of Nature, the animals useful or dangerous, were all deified, for to him the world seemed peopled with mysterious forces and supernatural beings, and the resulting number of Nature myths and legends are so numerous, if collected, they would fill many volumes, but unhappily with the passing of the years and ignorance of the value of this treasure of folk-lore, much has been lost. Ernest Whitney is responsible for the statement that had it not been for the timely researches of Bancroft and others, a cycle of the most remarkable myths north of Mexico, the sacred myths of the Manitou, might have perished.

To understand these particular legends, it is necessary to think of Pikes Peak, not

as ordinarily seen, a glistening summit at the southern end of the range, but as it appears from the plains to the East, visible for a hundred miles, rising from the level prairie, majestic in its isolation, commanding the entire region, awful and sublime in its loveliness.

To the Indian whatever was beautiful or inspiring was worshipful, and to him this mysterious mountain became a sacred object, the wigwam of the Manitou or Chief Diety, and every act of his life was influenced by this Fûjiyama of the West.

The region of Pikes Peak, the children of the Manitou looked upon as the cradle and Mecca of their race, and so with this fact in mind, we turn to their sacred myths, which I shall quote from Mr. Whitney's account:

"At the beginning of all things the Lesser Spirits possessed the earth, and dwelt near the banks of the Great River. They had created a race of men to be their servants, but these men made endless trouble for their creators, therefore the Lesser Spirits resolved to destroy mankind and the earth itself, so they caused the Great River to rise until it burst its banks and overwhelmed the world. They themselves each took a large portion of the best of the earth, that they might create a new world and a quantity of maize, their particular food, and returned to Heaven. Arriving at the gate of Heaven, which is at the end of the plains, where the sky and mountains meet, they were told they could not bring the burdens of earth into Heaven, so they dropped them then and there.

"These falling masses made a great heap which rose far above the waters, and thus was Pikes Peak created, directly under the gate of Heaven. As the Lesser Spirits returned to Heaven, they dropped a few grains of their maize, which blessed by their contact with the immortals, sprang up with wonderful vigor, even under the waters of the flood, and reaching the surface, ripened.

"Now, among the inhabitants of the earth left to destruction, was one man who, by secretly feeding upon the food of the

Spirits and the sacred maize, became much stronger and superior in every way to his fellow beings, so he succeeded in sustaining himself and his wife above the flood. Suddenly a maize stalk rose before him. Breaking a joint from it, he fashioned it into a rude boat in which he and his wife took refuge.

"The only visible objects upon the face of the waters were a few maize stalks, so he paddled from one to the other. On the first he found a pair of field mice, on the next a pair of gophers, and upon the third a pair of prairie-dogs. Thus he followed the course of the Spirits until he had passed all the maize plants of the animals and birds. He reached the mountain at last. Having landed his boat, the poor mortal died of exhaustion and his wife died soon after, giving birth to a boy and a girl, who became the special charge of the Spirits, and eventually the parents of the human race.

"Then the Spirits loosed one of the monsters of Heaven, the Lizard Dragon, Thirst, who having such satisfaction offered him, plunged into the watery world beneath. He drank and drank and drank and every day the waters receded and the mountain grew higher. Then fearing the Dragon would drink up the lakes and rivers and all the waters on the earth, the Spirits called him back, but his wings were unable to carry the weight of his swollen body and he fell back to the earth with such force, his neck was broken off completely and the torrent of blood and water which flowed from his veins colored the soil and made it the most fertile in the world.

"The huge crushed carcass was the origin of the 'Mountain of the Dragon' or 'Cheyenne Mountain,' as it is called today."

"This fable is strikingly characteristic of an arid land, the home of the lizards, and where thirst was always a haunting fear, and so often a tragic reality.

"The mountain on which the parents of the race were left, was so steep they could not descend, until the Spirits told them to get into the boat and slide down. This

they did, and the track made by the boat may still be seen on the Eastern face of the mountain.

"From the campus of Colorado College the boat, which was preserved by the Spirits, can best be seen riding the granite waves of the ridge west of Cheyenne Mountain. It is shaped like the familiar birch-bark canoe, and in it sit two figures, one plying the paddle—curiously, one of the most frequent embellishments of Aztec M. S. S. pictures such a canoe moving over a flood toward a lone mountain.

"At the foot of the mountain these immortal mortals found the most beautiful climate in the world, but the receding waters had left pestilence in their wake, so they prayed to the spirits for help. The spirits answered their prayer and granted to the parents of mankind that this their home should never know the curse of disease, and that it should be held sacred as a place of healing for all the tribes, and they sent them the waters of Life, so the land was made sweet, the pestilence stayed, and until this day the Springs of Manitou retain their miraculous power of healing.

"For a long time the inhabitants of the earth dwelt in the ease and luxury of a golden age, but it often happened that while perpetual sunshine and moonlight bathed the plains, dark clouds wrapped the summit of the mountain for days, interrupting their devotions, for these simple people dared not undertake a journey, perform a tribal ceremony, set their traps, plant their maize, or engage in any affair of consequence, unless the visible face of the Manitou looked favorably upon them.

"After suns and moons of hesitancy and discussion, the people were emboldened to send an embassy of priests and princes up the stairway of the mountain to petition the Manitou that the veil of clouds, which sometimes covered his face, might be dispelled forever. The last three steps of this vast stairway may be plainly seen just north of Cheyenne Mountain, and are now called Mount Rosa, Mount Grover and Mount Cutler.

"Amid the sacrifices and prayers of the

people, the chosen emissaries departed on their hazardous mission, but terrible was their punishment in thus approaching the great mystery. Violent storms enveloped the mountain, great rocks rolled down its precipitous sides, and for days the earth was wrapped in darkness. The people fled in terror from their quaking homes, terrific rain and hail driving them far out upon the plains. Dust, as though the mountain had been ground to powder, filled the air. At last when the anger of the Manitou was appeased the clouds of wrath rolled away and the sun appeared once more, but with awe the terrified people saw that the top of the sacred mountain had disappeared and no longer reached the gate of heaven, so mortals could never again pass over that lofty stairway.

"But after this evidence of the displeasure of their god, the people were never again presumptuous in their religion, and for many generations dwelt in peace and prosperity, always under the protection of the Manitou. Once when a host of giants and monsters attacked them from the hostile North before whom all resistance seemed utterly vain, a great wonder took place, the Manitou turned his face upon the invading bands, and straightway each and all were turned to stone. Though flood and tempest have overthrown and buried many of them, the petrified remnants of that ancient army may still be seen by Austins Bluffs, and especially in the strange grim forms of Monument Park.

"But again a barbarian host swept down upon them and although they repulsed their enemies, after the battle the air was filled with omens, the sun was eclipsed and floods rolled down the mountain valleys. When the light came again, they noticed beasts and birds were passing southward, but most astounding and most terrible of all, the great Face which had always looked lovingly upon them, was turned to the South. There was but one interpretation of these omens—plainly they were to forsake their old kingdom. The changed face of the mountain inti-

mated that all that was good should go with them, and that his watchful care would still follow them. The departure of the beasts and the birds showed that Nature would continue to be their faithful steward, but their hearts were heavy as they prepared to leave the immediate presence of their mountain god."

With the departure of the children of the Manitou from the cradle and home of their race, the chapter of their story from Mr. Whiting's book which concerns us, ends. We cannot follow them on their long march into Mexico, but before leaving this particular region, I want to read you the Ute Indian legend of creation, which is also connected with the same imposing mountain.

"The great spirit made a hole in the sky by turning a stone round and round. Then he poured ice and snow through the hole and made Pikes Peak. He then stepped off the clouds onto the mountain top and descended part way, planting trees by putting his finger in the ground. The sun melted the snow and the water ran down the mountain side and nurtured the trees and made the streams. After that the great spirit made fish for the rivers out of the small end of his staff. He made birds by blowing on some leaves which he took from the ground under the trees. Next he created the beasts out of the end of his staff but he created the grizzly bear out of the big end and made him master of all others.

"The daughter of the great spirit ventured too far from home and fell into the power of the grizzly bear whom she was forced to marry. The red men were the fruit of this marriage and were taken under the protection of the Manitou, but the grizzly bears were punished by being compelled to walk on four feet, whereas before they had walked on two."*

To the Indians the Hot Springs always suggested the abode of a spirit which breathed through their transparent waters, and as the braves passed these springs on

*Quoted from Pikes Peak Region in song and myth by E. C. Hills.

their war expeditions, they never failed to bestow their offerings of beads, knives, pieces of red cloth or wampum upon the Manitou of the spring to ensure a fortunate issue to their battles.

The Shos-shones have a story connected with the springs at Manitou, where are to be found two springs, one of bitter and one of sweet water, a few rods apart. This legend taken from Ruxton's *Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains* is intimately connected with the separation of the tribes of the Comanche and the Shos-shones and runs as follows:

Many hundreds of years ago, when the cottonwoods on the Big River were no higher than an arrow, and the red men, who hunted the buffalo on the plains, all spoke the same language, and the pipe of peace breathed its social cloud of *kinnik-kinnek* whenever two parties of hunters met on the boundless plains, it happened that two hunters of different nations met one day on a small rivulet, where both had repaired to quench their thirst. A little stream of water, rising from a spring on a rock within a few feet of the bank, trickled over it and fell splashing into the river. One hunter sought the spring itself, the other, tired by his exertions in the chase, threw himself at once to the ground, and plunged his face into the running stream. The latter had been unsuccessful in the chase and the sight of the fat deer, which the other hunter threw from his back before he drank at the spring, caused a feeling of jealousy to take possession of him.

The first hunter before he drank raised a portion of the water, and lifting it toward the sun, reversed his hand and allowed it to fall upon the ground, a libation to the Great Spirit. Seeing this and being reminded that he had neglected the usual offering, the unsuccessful hunter permitted envy and annoyance to get the mastery of his heart, and he sought some pretense by which to provoke a quarrel with the Shos-shone Indian at the spring.

"Why does a stranger," he asked rising from the stream, "drink at the spring head, when one to whom the spring be-

longs contents himself with the water that runs from it?"

"The Great Spirit places the cool water at the spring," answered the other hunter, "that his children may drink it pure and undefiled. The running water is for the beasts which scour the plains. Au-sa-quua is a chief of the Shos-shone, he drinks at the head-water."

"The Shos-shone is but a tribe of the Comanche," returned the other. "Why does a Shos-shone dare to drink above one of that great nation?"

Au-sa-quua replied:

"When the Manitou made his children, whether Shos-shone or Comanche, Arapahoe, Shi-an or Pa-ne, he gave them buffalo to eat and the pure water of the fountain to quench their thirst. He said not to one 'Drink here' and to another 'Drink there,' but gave the crystal spring to all, that all might drink."

Then, made thirsty by the words he had spoken, for the red man is ever sparing of his tongue, he stooped down to the spring to drink again, when the subtle warrior of the Comanches threw himself upon the kneeling hunter, forced his head down into the bubbling water and held it there until he struggled no longer.

No sooner had the deed of blood been consummated than the Comanche was transfixed with horror. He dragged the body a few paces from the water, which he saw was suddenly and strangely disturbed—bubbles sprang up from the bottom, and rising to the surface escaped in hissing gas. A thin vapory cloud arose and, gradually dissolving, displayed to the eyes of the trembling murderer the figure of an aged Indian, whom he recognized as the Wan-Kan-aga, father of the Comanche and Shos-shone nation. Stretching out his war club toward the affrighted murderer, Wan-Kan-aga thus addressed him:

"Accursed of my tribe! This day thou hast severed the link between the mightiest nations of the world. While the blood of the brave Shos-shone cries to the Manitou for vengeance, may the water of the tribe be rank and bitter in their throats!"

Thus saying, he swung his powerful war club and dashed out the brains of the Comanche, who fell headlong into the spring, which to this day remains rank and nauseous. To perpetuate the memory of Ausaqua, who was renowned in his tribe for his valor and nobleness of heart, Wankanaga struck with the avenging club a hard flat rock which overhung the rivulet and forthwith the rock opened into a round, clear basin, which instantly filled with sparkling water—sweetest that thirsty hunter ever drank."

So the two springs remain, the great spring and the Fountain at Manitou, but from that day the mighty tribes of the Shos-shone and Comanche have remained severed and apart.

Each tribe and each locality possesses a rich fund of these hereditary legends, which we have scarcely touched today, but as the prairies stretching out from the base of Pikes Peak are covered at this season with their carpet of brilliant flowers, let us see them through the eyes of the Indian who believed that in the early summer when the first glistening rainbow appeared in the sky, it fell upon the earth and colored with its delicate hues all the budding flowers, and when the stars shyly peep out from the evening sky, they are not what you think they are at all—they are the sparks from the camp fire of the

Great Spirit to shed light on our uncertain trail while the sun is asleep.

Have we then no myths and traditions when these Indian legends adorn each snow-covered summit, are carried along on the current of the rushing rivers, lie hidden in the depths of the silent canyons or bubble from each crystal spring—and no historical background when our history reaches into a limitless past?

One who has heard the echoes, answers:
 "Buried cities, broken tools, shattered ornaments,
 Discarded things of dear desire,
 Shards, and rock-carved hieroglyph
 Mark where spent peoples, sun-worshippers all
 Sleep in cave, cliff, gravel and pyramid,
 Rich memories of crowded yesterdays.
 Upon these—dream you of life, yet to pulse in your tense silences?—
 Each day a hushed and sudden dawn
 Dissolves in crinkly heat,
 Ending in purpling slopes and high mounting sunsets:
 A glowing prophecy that holds us thrall.
 "The trails by well and water-hole
 And wide mesh of caravan tracks
 Run from the things that were
 To the things to be.
 Weaving that never ends,
 Dawns and sunsets,
 World old memories,
 Dreams and prophecies—
 You hold us thrall."*

*Quoted from poem by T. A. McDougall, Desert Laboratory, Tucson, Arizona.

THE FORMULA OF THE WESTERN NOVEL

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, *Author, Denver, Colorado*

The Western novel, one gathers from its critics, is in a piteous condition. It has become a thing of rule and rote, formula-built, a bit of carpenter work prepared from plans and specifications that have been standardized like Edison's concrete house.

This is a definite enough complaint, and it has its just weight. A writer in a recent magazine article suggests that a certain very popular author—who, by the way, lives in the West—probably labels

his characters courage, meanness, piety, suspicion, ignorance, etc., and gives them personal names only after his story is finished. Perhaps. I don't know his methods, but very likely he relies on the fact that most of us are alike as God's little apples. The great reading public is confused by subtleties and resents them.

The tremendous popularity of the formula-constructed novel is a source of continual surprise and sometimes despair to those of cultivated taste. It need not be